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# WHEELER'S GRADED READERS

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# A FIRST READER

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# WHEELER'S GRADED READERS

# A FIRST READER

BY

GAIL CALMERTON

AND

WILLIAM H. WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

E. deg. T 759.01.260

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# PREFACE

ALL teachers, especially Primary teachers, should remember that education neither begins nor ends in the schoolroom. Education begins with

> "Only a little brain, empty of thought;
> Only a little heart, troubled with naught;"

but it lasts to the very end of life. So early does it begin that we do not know, we cannot say, just when a child takes its first step on the road to knowledge. We know that the babe rests best in its mother's thrilled and thrilling arms; that it is lulled to sleep by mother singing soft and low; that it looks with wide and wondering eyes at the commonest things of life; that it is taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch its dimpled flesh; that it is "lured by light and flame and color's wondrous robes"; that it "learns the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry is beguiled to utter speech"; and so through years of sun and shade, of day and night, — tasting, — feeling, — seeing, — hearing, — smelling, — this little gleaner gathers knowledge through all "the five gateways of the mind."

In his own way — just a little every day — this faithful little gleaner learns more, perhaps, during the first four years of his life than a student does in a four years' college course. In six short years he learns to speak a language, and to understand it when it is spoken by others. Within the narrow range of his limited vocabulary he can express his wants and wishes and understand the speech of others. Thus equipped, he is sent to school to take his first lessons in learning to read, — learning to get thought from the crooked and curious marks upon the printed page.

It is of the utmost importance that a child's first steps in reading should be taken in the right direction. A child does not learn to speak a word by hearing it once, and he will not learn to recognize the printed form of a word by seeing it once. He acquired his colloquial vocabulary slowly at first and by the aid of constant repetition. In this way, and in this way only, will he learn to recognize words in print. It should not be forgotten that in the early years of his training the child is forming habits of reading and of thought by which he will be aided for the rest of his life, or of which he will by and by have to cure himself with painful effort.

The end of learning to read is the ability to read great books, but what shall the child's first reading book be? Some of our educational wise men say that it should be filled with classic literature, and that it should contain

nothing which is not strictly classic. This sounds well, but these wise men have failed to produce the strictly classic First Reader.

Beautiful little poems and pieces of noble prose of an appropriate character should be read to children who are too young to read such literature themselves. Just as soon as the child has acquired some facility in reading what is printed in colloquial style, he should be required to read selections from standard authors. These literary selections should be graded in such a way as to bring those containing the fewest words outside of the colloquial vocabulary into the lower books of the series, the difficulties being gradually increased as the child grows towards maturity. But teachers should remember always that there is a very marked distinction between learning to read and reading to learn. The child while learning to read will gain some information, but the principal thing is to get such skill in reading that a whole lifetime's reading for information will be a pleasure. There are too many children who never form reading habits because they never really learn how to read. All through life they take no interest in reading and get no enjoyment from it because of the stress of attention and expense of energy necessary to get at the thought. Reading is not so much an end in itself as a means for the acquirement of all human knowledge. Children find little pleasure in reading until they can read with ease; they read best what they like best.

This little book is the second of a series of "Graded Readers." It is to be read by the children and not to them by the teacher. The authors believe that a First Reader should be very simple indeed; that the vocabulary should be small; that each word should be repeated often; that the words used should be largely those which are already familiar to the child in conversation; that it is unwise to require the child to learn many new words at the same time that he is learning to recognize the printed forms of the words which are already near and dear to him; that the sentences and the paragraphs should be short; that there should be frequent reviews; that the pictures should be what children call "cute and cunning," and should be of the story-telling kind, clearly within the child's world, but still of the very highest artistic merit; that a good black and white picture is much better than a crude picture in colors; that a color picture with purple grass and a green sky has no educational value; and that the very first "Stepping Stone to Literature" is to acquire some skill in reading.

The authors hope that this little book will prove to be a series of "Easy Steps for Little Feet."

Grateful acknowledgments are due to all the Primary teachers who have given helpful suggestions; to the critic, the eminent philologist, Dr. Francis A. March of Lafayette College; to Ella Wheeler Wilcox for permission to use the little gem, "That's the Way"; and to the Berlin Photographic Company for permission to use copyright pictures.

H. Le Jenne.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

## THAT'S THE WAY. (MEMORY LESSON.)

Just a little every day;
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow;
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly — slowly — at the first;
  That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day;
That's the way
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly — slowly — hour by hour;
  That's the way!
Just a little every day.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Fr. Souderland.

**BEHAVE YOURSELF.**

Puff Muff barn their sleep pet

Now, Frisky, you must not bark.
These are my little pet kittens.
They have come to live with us, so you must like them, Frisky.
I call my pets Puff and Muff.
I call the black kitten Muff.
Puff is the black and white one.
This basket is their bed.
Would you like to sleep in a basket?
Why, Frisky, how you do bark!
Naughty, naughty little dog!
Just hear Muff and Puff mew!
They do not like to hear you bark.
Now, do not say "bow-wow" again.
Just see how pretty my pets are.
Do you not think so?
Why, Frisky, yes you do.
They are as pretty as they can be.
They like their little basket.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" do you say?
"Put the kittens in the barn?"
Why, what a naughty little dog you are!
It is cold in the barn.
Do you want my pets to catch cold?
You would not like to sleep in the barn,
would you?
I like these kittens, but I like you, too.
I think you will like Puff and Muff.
Be good, and you may play with them.
They want to sleep in their basket now.
Shall I find a basket for you?
Will you sleep in your basket?
Then ask, Frisky, ask for it!
There, there, that will do.
Now you are my good little pet.
I'll get you a basket to sleep in.
Yes, you shall have a pretty basket.

---

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

E. Mock.

PLAYMATES.

Leon Lion barked something cake year

Here are Lion and Leon all tired out.
Which do you think is Leon?
Leon is five years old, and Lion is five years old.
Leon's birthday comes in May, and Lion's birthday comes in May, too.
One day Leon said, "Come, Lion, see if you can catch me."

And Lion barked, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!
I know that I can catch you now."
So Leon ran, and Lion ran.
They ran and ran and ran.
Then Leon said, "Oh, I'm tired now!"
And Lion barked, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"
"You big old dog," said Leon, "you can't be so tired as I am.
Come, let us go to sleep now."
And Lion barked, "Sleep now, bow-wow!"
By and by Leon said, "Get up, Lion.
Let us run again."
And Lion barked, "Run again, run again!"
Then they ran and they ran.
Then Leon said, "I want a drink."
And Lion barked, "A drink, a drink!"
So Leon ran to get a drink, and Lion ran to get a drink.
"Why, Leon! Why, Lion!" said Leon's mamma.
"How tired you look!

Don't you want something to eat?
I have something I know you will like."
Then she gave Leon a cake and she gave Lion a cake.
Leon said, "Mamma can make such good cake!"
Lion barked, "I shall take this good cake!"
Then away they ran to Lion's house.
There is where you see them now.
Said Leon to Lion, "Are you tired out?"
Barked Lion to Leon, "Bow-wow! Just about!"

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| song | but | nest | nest | yes | mew |
| long | nut | next | rest | yet | new |

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kate | feet | box | think | calf | hop |
| hate | sweet | fox | pink | half | top |

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| on | talk | wish | house | barn | for |
| Don | walk | fish | mouse | farm | or |

A. Teure.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH PARTY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alice | party | were |
| Carlo | whooping-cough | could |

It was such a nice party!
That is what Alice and Harold said.
And Carlo the dog said so, too.
There were only three at this party.
It was Alice's birthday.

She was five years old that day.
She had a garden party this year.
It was a whooping-cough party.
I will tell you all about it.
Alice had the whooping-cough, and so she could not go to school.
"Just think, mamma!" she said. "Now I can't have my birthday party."
"Why not, dear?" said mamma.
"No one could come to it," said Alice.
"Little boys and girls do not like to catch the whooping-cough."
"Why not call it a whooping-cough party?" said mamma.
"You could ask Harold to come.
He has the whooping-cough, too."
"Oh, yes, and Carlo could come, too, mamma.
Three will make a nice party."
And they did have such a nice party.
Alice's mamma gave them a big cake to eat, and some milk to drink.

And Kate gave them some big cherries.
"I like to have the whooping-cough," said Harold.
"Why, Harold Wells!" said Alice.
"Well, I like this party.
And I could not be here if I did not have the whooping-cough.
I think I'll have a party, too.
I'll ask you and Carlo to come.
Then Carlo must have a party.
We will play he has the whooping-cough."
And dear old Carlo did his best to catch the whooping-cough.
He did not catch it, but he had a whooping-cough party.
"I like Carlo's party best of all," said Alice.

---

Find little words in these words:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| about | call | cold | lamb |
| kittens | basket | must | puppy |

R. Goubie.

WHO IS COMING?

Buttercup colt seen looked been

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!" barked Gyp.
"Have you seen Buttercup, little colt?
Have you seen Buttercup, mother horse?
Our old cow, Buttercup, has been gone all day, and we can not find her.

Have you seen Harry, little colt?
Harry and I are looking for Buttercup.
She must be on this farm, but this is such a big farm.
I wish I could find Buttercup."
"Have you looked in the barn, Gyp?" said the mother horse.
"Oh, yes, have you looked in the barn, Gyp?" said the little colt.
"Yes; Buttercup is not in the barn.
I ran to the barn and looked in, but dear old Buttercup was not there.
I think I shall find her.
When I find her I'll bark, 'See, here is our good Buttercup.'
Then I shall run to the house.
The hens may be in our flower-beds.
Just let me catch a hen there!
If you see Harry, tell him that I am looking for Buttercup."
"There she is now!" said the little colt.

mine soon

1. I have two pet kittens.
2. I call them Puff and Muff.
3. They do not sleep in the barn.
4. Their bed is in a little basket.
5. These dear little kittens are mine.
6. Their mother is mine, too.
7. Carlo is my good old dog.
8. I have not seen Carlo to-day.
9. He will be back soon, I think.
10. He sleeps in the barn, but my kittens sleep in the house.
11. Carlo is good to the kittens; he knows they are my pets.

---

Place these words in sentences:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| seen | talking | were | fall |
| soon | grandma | willing | been |
| toad | something | looked | mine |

A. Robandi.

LITTLE LOUIS

Louis visit wing geese found under

I am Louis, grandpa's big boy.
This is grandpa's farm, and I have come to visit him. I like to visit grandpa.
These are grandpa's geese.
This one with the black wing is mine.
Grandpa gave it to me.
Grandpa says that geese know much more than we think they do.
We can't swim so well as geese can.
We can't see or hear so well as they can.
We can't tell just when it is going to be cold, but geese can.
Well, I must find some eggs for grandma.
She wants to make a cake.
I like cake, and so do the geese, but grandma says cake is too good for geese.
These geese ran away one day.
I looked and looked but could not find them.
But Carlo soon found them under the barn.

den didn't fox hungry

One day a hungry old lion looked out of his den, and said, "What can I get to eat?"

Just then he saw a little rabbit.

"Little rabbit, come into my den and visit with me," said the lion.

"Thank you," said the rabbit.

Then the little rabbit went in, but he didn't come out.

Pretty soon the lion saw a dog.

"Come into my den and visit with me," said the hungry old lion.

"Thank you," said the dog. Then the dog went in, but he didn't come out.

By and by the lion saw a fox.

"Come into my den and visit with me," said the hungry lion.

"No, thank you," said the fox. "I saw the dog and the rabbit go in, but I didn't see them come out."

window an board walk

1. Draw a nest on the blackboard.
2. Now draw an egg in the nest.
3. You may tell me something.
4. You may ask me something.
5. You may draw a buttercup.
6. Tell where you have been to-day.
7. What has four wings?
8. You may hop to the window.
9. You may walk by the window.
10. Draw an apple on the board.
11. Walk to the blackboard.
12. You may draw a red bird.
13. Draw an acorn on the blackboard.
14. You may find something red.
15. Tell what year this is.
16. Put something on your book.
17. Who had a whooping-cough party?

To be read silently, suggestions followed.

M. Wunsch.

IN TROUBLE.

Jamie Fido care does cart

NAUGHTY LITTLE BELL THINKS:

I don't care if Jamie does cry.
I like to play with his cart.
I gave dolly just one nice ride.
Then naughty Fido ran into the cart, and I
don't care for the cart now.
Jamie can just take his old cart.

fun fast cross mean poor

Why, Bell White! How naughty you are.
No one likes naughty little girls.
Look at poor little Jamie!
How could you make him cry!
That is not the way to play.
You are five years old, and Jamie is only four.
I am only three, but I don't make Jamie cry.
We have been so happy, Bell.
We were having so much fun.
I didn't mean to make you fall.
I didn't mean to run into the cart.
It is such fun to run fast.
I ran too fast, I think.
Come, Bell, don't be cross.
We don't like to hear Jamie cry.
Come, Jamie, and have some fun.
Bell didn't mean to be so cross.

GOOD LITTLE BELL SAYS:

Dear Jamie, you may have the cart now.
Give poor dolly some nice rides.
Come, Fido, let us have fun.
One, two, three — Now, run, run, run!

---

## IF I KNEW.

[To be memorized.]

"If I knew the box where smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That children's faces might hold them fast
Many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I should like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then, holding and folding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
Into the depths of the sea."

L. Knaus.

IN GREAT TROUBLE.

afraid bread after stop

Oh, you poor little Fred!
Are you afraid of the geese?
They want your bread.
Can't you give them some bread?
How big the geese look!
And poor Fred is so little!
He is afraid to run away.

He thinks the geese may run after him.
Come, come, Fred, don't cry.
The geese are only talking to you.
Don't you know what they say?
They say, "Walk up, walk up!
Don't stop to talk.
Give us some bread, some bread!
Walk up! Walk up! Walk up!"
Stop, stop, old geese. Do you mean to make
poor Fred afraid?
I think Fred's mamma will come soon.
Then Fred will not be afraid.

---

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

ever

Have you ever seen geese?
Are you afraid of geese?
How do geese walk?
Did geese ever run after you?
What are geese good for?

many keep count guess bring

"Guess what I found under the barn," said papa.
"You can't guess, so I'll tell you.
Our black hen has some little chicks.
I found them under the barn to-day.
It is too cold under the barn for little chicks."
"O papa, bring them to visit us.
Please, papa, that will be fun.
How many are there, papa?
Did you count them?"
"No, I didn't stop to count them.
So you want them to visit you?
Well, ask your mother about it.
I'm willing to bring them in, but we can't
keep chicks in the house.
Shall I bring in their nest, too?"
"Oh, please bring them in, papa.
Put them all into a nice big basket.
That will be fun!"
"Well, here they are!" said papa.

Weese.

LITTLE VISITORS.

children

How many chickens are there?
Can you count them?
How many white chickens?
How many black ones?
How many children are there?

**Questions to be read silently; answers given aloud.**

## stand

1. You may all stand.
2. Stand by a little girl.
3. You may stand by me.
4. Bring me something red.
5. Put your book under mine.
6. You may stand by the board.
7. Put your hand on the window.
8. Draw some apples on a tree.
9. Draw a cart on the blackboard.
10. You may bring your book to me.
11. You may look out of the window.
12. You may put your book on mine.
13. Draw an old tree on the blackboard.
14. You may bring me something white.
15. Walk to the window as fast as you can.
16. Make 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0 on the blackboard.

Interest is added if no word is spoken. Children like to call this a "Deaf and Dumb Party."

DON'T BE AFRAID. A. Weisz.

pat stay never still face funny

Alice had never seen a little calf.
She had not seen many cows.
When she saw this calf she said, "Oh, what
a little cow!
Isn't it a funny little cow, mamma?"
"That is a little calf," said mamma.
"What a pretty white face it has!

Don't be afraid to pat it, dear.
Mamma will stay with you.
See how still it stands. Little girl, what do you call your calf?"
"I call her Whiteface.
We call her mother Buttercup.
She is the best cow on our farm.
Don't be afraid of Whiteface.
She will let you pat her."
"Isn't she a dear little calf?" said Alice.
"I am not afraid of her.
I want her for mine, mamma.
May I have her?"
"Oh, no; you can't have her, dear.
A little calf lives on a farm.
You know we have no barn.
Whiteface is the little girl's pet.
We will come to see Whiteface again.
May we come soon, little girl?"
"Oh, yes, I want you to come again, and so does Whiteface."

KISS ME QUICK. F. Munier.

kiss dress new coming

Kiss me, Flossie, kiss me.
Give me a birthday kiss.
You are one year old to-day.
Be still, Flossie, don't mew.
I want to tell you something.
Guess what I'm going to tell you.
I know that you can't guess.
I'll tell you by and by, but I must dress now.
I'm going to dress you, too, Flossie.
I'll put dolly's dress on you.
You want her new dress, do you say?
Oh, no, Kitty, an old dress will do.
Now, I will tell you, Flossie.
Some one is coming to visit us.
Who do you think is coming, Flossie?
My dear grandma is coming.
Don't you wish your grandma were coming, too, Flossie?
But you will like my grandma.

dressed large mouse won't yet

We are going to have a picnic.
Guess who is coming to it, Flossie.
Ruth and Muffet are coming.
Muffet is Ruth's large, black kitten.
She is not a year old yet, but she is as large as you are.
Shall I dress you now, Flossie?
I shall put this white dress on you.
You look pretty dressed in white.
Stand still, Flossie. Stand still!
Be as still as a mouse.
I did not say *rat*, Kitty.
I said *mouse*, M–O–U–S–E!
Won't you stand still?
We must be dressed when Ruth and Muffet come.
O Kitty, can't you stand still?
I shall never get you dressed.

## GUESS WHO IT IS.

[To be read to the children.]

I have a dear playmate. Who is it? Now think.
Her dress, it is white, and her nose is so pink.
I don't like to handle her roughly, because
I think that she carries sharp pins in her paws.
I thought she was ever so dainty and neat,
But, oh dear! she washes her face with her feet.

—A. CHASE.

---

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| old | seen | other | and | could |
| cold | seem | mother | hand | would |
| told | seed | brother | stand | should |

---

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| it is | it$_{i}$s | it's | fun |
| did | didn$_{o}$t | didn't | run |
| does | doesn$_{o}$t | doesn't | sun |
| have | haven$_{o}$t | haven't | |
| has | hasn$_{o}$t | hasn't | |
| could | couldn$_{o}$t | couldn't | our |
| would | wouldn$_{o}$t | wouldn't | hour |
| should | shouldn$_{o}$t | shouldn't | flour |

Henriette Ronner.

YOU MUSTN'T, KITTY.

## YOU MUSTN'T.

[To be read to the children.]

You mustn't climb up there, Pussy,
  It's not the thing to do;
For clocks are made to tell the time,
  And not as toys for you.

You mustn't touch the hands, Pussy,
  And move them to and fro;
For that will surely break the clock,
  And then it will not go.

You mustn't touch the face, Pussy,
  With little furry feet,
Or there will be no dinner time,
  And nothing then to eat.

And if you stop the clock, Pussy,
  The world cannot go right;
We shall be sleeping all the day,
  And romping all the night.

For clocks make time go right, Pussy;
  And if no good clock goes,
All things will happen upside down, —
  As everybody knows!

— ADAPTED.

name or should

1. I know two little children.
2. Their names are Ruth and Louis.
3. They have such a funny pet.
4. You never could guess what it is.
5. It is a large toad.
6. It sleeps under the window, but it does not stay there.
7. It will hop after Louis or Ruth.
8. One day the children found it under an old wet board.
9. It was having a good sleep.
10. Should you like to sleep under an old wet board?

---

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| an | keep | hen | all | will |
| can | peep | den | call | hill |
| ran | sleep | ten | fall | mill |
| than | asleep | then | small | still |

paper wouldn't couldn't every

O grandpa, I wish I had a colt!
Guess what I should do.
I should get your paper every day.
Wouldn't you like that, grandpa?
I don't care for an old horse.
I want a nice little colt.
Couldn't I ride fast, then!
I'm not afraid to ride fast.
I should want a cart, too, grandpa.
I should keep my colt in the barn.
I wish I did have a colt!
I think about it every day.
Do you think I'll get one, grandpa?
I should never get tired of it.
No, I should not. Why, I couldn't!
I would feed it every day.
Couldn't I have fun, going after your paper
every day!

long it's morning time show called next

The next morning grandpa called, "Jamie!
Jamie! Time to get up!
Come to the barn when you are dressed.
I have something to show you.
You never can guess what it is."
"Oh," called Jamie, "is it a colt?
It's a colt, a colt, a colt!
It won't take me long to dress."
He didn't stop to eat breakfast.
He didn't have time, he said.
He ran to the barn as fast as he could.
What do you think he found there?

---

There were two of them, but they were not colts.
No, you couldn't call them colts.
What were they? Can you guess?

H. Salentin.

JAMIE'S TEAM.

made

Now can you tell what Jamie found?
Who do you think made his cart?
Would you be afraid to ride so fast?
Is Jamie afraid?
Do the dogs know which way to go?
Did you ever ride after dogs?
What should you name these dogs?

**Let the children read the questions, then answer them.**

NAUGHTY DOLLY. M. Deebe.

wanted went very blue told

Now, Dolly, stand still and don't cry.
I think you were very naughty to-day.

No, no, do not say you don't care, or that you were only in play.
No, Dolly, you were not in play.
You were naughty — very, very naughty.
You called, "Mamma," so many times!
What made you call, Dolly?
I wanted to play with Alice.
Alice couldn't stay long.
I told you she couldn't stay long.
We wanted to have some fun.
I only went into our garden, but you called and called to me.
Yes you did call, "Mamma," many times.
Who called, "Mamma," if you did not?
And how your blue dress does look!
You never could tell it is new.
Well, well, don't cry about it.
You won't be naughty again.
I love you more than ever, Dolly.
I think you were only in fun.
You didn't mean to be naughty, did you?

Saturday heard shake asleep

It was Saturday morning.
May and Ruth were in the garden.
"Stop; what is that?" said Ruth.
"Some one said, 'Mamma, mamma!'"
"Why, how funny!" said May.
"It must be my new dolly.
She says 'Mamma' just that way."
So they went into the house to see what Dolly wanted.
They found her fast asleep.
"Isn't that funny!" said May.
"I know I heard Dolly cry."
Then they went out to play again.
As they went out, Fido ran in.
But the children didn't see him.
He didn't want them to see him.
Then naughty Fido had some fun.
What do you think he did?

He went to Dolly and gave her a kiss.
But Dolly was fast asleep.
Then he gave her a shake.
Dolly was still fast asleep.
How he did shake and shake her!
This made poor Dolly cry, "Mamma! Mamma!"
He didn't care if she did cry, and he didn't care who heard her cry.
Poor Dolly called for mamma again.
Then away Fido ran as fast as he could go.
Dolly never told May what made her cry.
And Fido does not mean to tell.
Don't you think Fido was a very naughty little dog?

---

Place these words in sentences. Find little words in them.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White(face) | never | funny | visit |
| dressed | stand | mean | morning |
| window | for | asleep | wanted |
| Saturday | told | couldn't | every |

butterfly than

1 Our picnic was on Saturday.
2. There were five children there.
3. We did have so much fun!
4. Fido went with us.
5 Next time we mean to take Carlo.
6. We looked for flowers and ran after squirrels.
7. Just think! Fido found a little mouse.
8. We saw a very pretty butterfly.
9. A butterfly has four wings.
10. A bird has only two wings.
11. A butterfly has two more wings than a bird has.
12. I should like to go to a picnic every Saturday. _____

ever ever ever very ride eat
over never every every side wheat

six seven eight nine ten

Good mother hen
Has little chickens ten.
Ten pretty little chicks has she.

Six little, seven little, eight little,
Nine little, ten little chicks has she.

Ten little chicks! If one be mine,
For mother hen there are but nine.

Nine little chicks! One is for Kate.
Good mother hen can have but eight.

If she have eight or seven chicks,
Then mother hen has more than six.

Such little chicks,
Such pretty little chicks,
Such happy little chicks has she.

Sir Edwin Landseer.

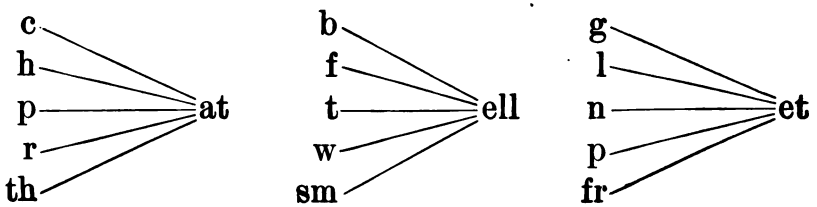
A SINGER AND A PAIR OF NUT CRACKERS.

Singer nut Mrs. hurt glad came

"Good morning, Frisky!" said Singer.
"I saw a poor squirrel in the garden.
He is hurt and can not walk.
I came to tell you about him.
He has not had an acorn to-day.
Won't you give him some of yours?"
"Yes, yes, Singer, I'm glad you came.
What do you think, Mrs. Frisky?
Can we give him some acorns or nuts?
Singer says Poor Squirrel is hurt."
"I'm willing," said Mrs. Frisky.
"We can find more nuts every day.
Let us give Poor Squirrel some nuts.
We have eight large nuts here, now.
How many more will make ten?
Wouldn't six more make ten?
How many are eight nuts and six nuts,
Frisky? Can you count?"
"Oh, nine or ten, I should think.

Give more than ten nuts, Mrs. Frisky.
Let us find seven nuts for him.
I think seven is more than ten.
Isn't seven more than ten, Singer?"
"I don't know about that, Frisky.
We never have more than six eggs in our nest," said Singer.
"We have ever so many more nuts than that," said Mrs. Frisky.
"I will ask Jamie about it.
Jamie can count, for he has been to school.
Shall I ask him about it?
Jamie will be coming soon.
He will take care of Poor Squirrel."
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" said Singer.
"I'm glad Jamie will soon be here."

---



## THE SQUIRREL'S ARITHMETIC.

[To be read to the children.]

High on the branch of a walnut tree
  A bushy-tailed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
  And what was he looking at?

The forest was green all around him,
  The sky was blue overhead.
His nest was in a hollow limb;
  His children snug in bed.

He pondered a problem o'er and o'er;
  And busily thinking was he:
How many nuts for this winter's store
  Could he hide in the hollow tree?

And he sat so still on the swaying bough,
  You might have thought him asleep;
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
  The nuts his babies could eat.

Then suddenly, how he frisked about!
  And down from the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
  Is to gather all I can."

—SELECTED.

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WAIT A MINUTE.

napkin minute without sometime
hope better

Wait a minute, Gyp! Just one minute!
I won't hurt you. Don't be cross.
I must put this napkin on you.
Gyp, I'm afraid that you are a naughty little dog.
You should never eat without a napkin.
I never eat without mine.
Mamma will not let me eat without my napkin.
Be still a minute, Gyp.
Stop, Gyp, this minute. Stop, I say!
There, that is much better, much better.
You can't put on this napkin, Gyp, and so I have to put it on for you.
This napkin is too little, but I hope to get it on you soon.
I'm glad mamma had her party Saturday.
She said I should have one sometime.

We are having our party this morning, Gyp.
I think that it is better not to wait too long.
I don't like to wait. Do you, Gyp?
We will have our party this very minute.
I don't think mamma will care.
She has gone away, but she will come back soon.
My, but that cake looks good!
Mamma thinks cake is not good for me, but I think it is.
I don't think cake can hurt you, Gyp.
Isn't it fun to have a party!
Let us have one every day, Gyp.

---

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| with out | white face | for get |
| without | Whiteface | forget |

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| new | mine | fun | see | many | face |
| now | nine | funny | sea | any | place |

right left

1. Show me your right hand.
2. Bring me some paper.
3. Give the names of six children.
4. How many windows do you see?
5. Show me your left hand.
6. Shake your hands six times.
7. Give the names of three birds.
8. Shake your left hand.
9. Count the children who are here.
10. Shake your right hand.
11. Count to nine.
12. Show me something blue.
13. Show me some paper.

---

butter < cup——buttercup
butter < fly——butterfly

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| pet | then | went | fell | smell | hope |
| pat | than | want | fall | small | rope |

Emile Munier.

ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

any always work once hasn't read

I'm on my way to school, now.
After school I'm going to grandma's.
Grandma left her work at our house.
This is her work in my basket.
I shall take it to her after school.
These cherries are for grandma, too.
I want to show grandma this book.
I shall read to her.
Grandma hasn't heard me read, yet.
Mamma says that I read very well.
Once I couldn't read at all.
I go to school every day now.
I read in my book every day, too.
I like to visit grandma.
Grandma hasn't any little girl now.
Mamma was her little girl once.
Isn't that funny?
Oh I must tell you about my kitten!
I always wanted a little white kitten.
But you never could guess where I found her.

One morning we saw this very basket at one of our windows.
What do you think was in the basket?
A dear little white kitten!
She wanted to tell me her name, but she couldn't think of it.
I call her "Muff."
Isn't "Muff" a pretty name?

---

How pleasant life would be, oh dear!
If daffodils bloomed all the year,
And pussy willows stayed just so,
And my white kitten didn't grow!

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| bark | look | live | call | want | stop |
| barked | looked | lived | called | wanted | stopped |

Place the following words in sentences:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| mouse | Mrs. | left | eight |
| shake | fox | once | napkin |
| hasn't | blue | than | always |
| better | hope | work | butterfly |

C. Steffeck.

BLACK BEAUTY.

Beauty Don master kind from

I am Black Beauty.
This big dog is Don.
This boy on my back is Louis.
Louis is my new master.
I like to have him on my back.
I am glad that I have a kind master.

I hope I can live with Louis always.
I should not like to go away from him.
Louis will always keep me, I think.
I hope he will keep Don, too.
Don is a very kind dog.
He is never cross to me.
Louis wants to ride every morning.
He pats me and says, "Now, Beauty, show me how fast you can run.
Here, Don!" he calls, and away we go!
Don never will let us go without him.
We play we are running away from Don, but we can't get away from him.
If I stop running, he stops, too.
I'm glad he is not a cross dog.
Would you like to know more about me?
There is a book that tells all about me.
Some one told it all for me, and said just what I wanted to say.
Sometime you must read this book.
It is called "Black Beauty."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| country | father | often |
| city | lived | picture |

May was a little city girl.
She had always lived in a large city, and had never been to the country.
May often saw very pretty pictures of the country in her picture books.
She wanted to know all about them, but she couldn't read very well.
One morning her father said, "Next Saturday I shall go to the country.
Would my little girl like to go with me?"
Can you guess what little May said?
It was a long time to wait, but when Saturday came May was so happy!
Oh, how the birds did sing that day!
And how the lambs did run and play!
May would like to stay in the country if her father and mother would stay, too.

Otto Weber.

IN THE COUNTRY.

calves

This picture shows you what May saw in the country.

She saw six little calves. Can you count them?

These calves want to eat all the time.

Kate gave them some milk just to show May how calves drink.

May's father made this picture.

Can you see May in the picture?

## REVIEW PHRASES.

| seem | hat | upon |
|---|---|---|

1. seems a long time
2. six blue hats
3. seven or eight
4. once upon a time
5. next Saturday
6. coming sometime
7. the next morning
8. nine minutes yet
9. dressed in blue
10. from the city
11. without work
12. upon a board
13. from the window
14. upon the paper
15. wouldn't stay
16. seems cross
17. without a hat
18. left or right
19. a funny hat
20. any better
21. been asleep
22. my napkin
23. a new picture
24. once lived

---

| some thing | some time | be came |
|---|---|---|
| something | sometime | became |

---

b, l, h, br — ook

gr, kn, sh, sn — ow

c, m, t, sh — ake

Dieffenbach.

SELFISH TED.

Ted selfish butter myself while hate

"Please give me some," said Gyp.
"Give some to me, Ted," said Kitty.
"We like bread and butter, too.
Don't be selfish, Ted."
"You shall not have any," said Ted.
"This bread and butter is mine.
I don't mean to give you any.
I'm not selfish. No one gave this bread and butter to me.
I went after it myself.
I have a right to eat it all.
I want all this bread myself."

---

"Ted, it's time to bring the cow!" called Ted's father from the barn.
"O dear, I want to play a while," said Ted.
"Seems to me it's always time to get that old cow.

I wish we didn't have any cow.
I never seem to have any time for myself.
I always did hate cows.
I want some more bread and butter."
And away Ted ran to get the bread and butter.

---

OLD BUTTERCUP IS NOT SELFISH.

yellow brown sure sweet

"Mother, I want some more bread and butter," said Ted.
"I came to ask for a drink of milk, but I'll get it myself.
Father told me to get the cow.
I wish there were no cows.
I want to play a little while.
Why can't Harold get the cow?
It seems as if I'm always going for the cow. I hate our old cow."

"Do you mean that?" said Ted's mother.
"Our old cow gives us sweet milk.
I'm sure you like milk.
I'm sure you like butter, too.
Butter is made from milk.
What should we do without milk or butter?
Better think of that, Ted."
"No, I didn't mean what I said.
Just think, mother, how funny this is!
Buttercup is a brown cow. She eats yellow
buttercups, and gives white milk.
Yellow butter is made from white milk.
No, I'm sure I don't hate cows.
I'll never say that again.
I was selfish to eat all the bread and butter.
Gyp and Kitty wanted some of it.
I wouldn't give them any.
I won't be so selfish again.
I'm going for Buttercup this very minute."
"Ted likes my milk," the old cow said.
"He likes sweet milk with new brown bread."

## MEMORY GEMS.

[To be read to the children.]

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

---

Oh, look at the moon,
  She is shining up there;
O mother, she looks
  Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
  And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
  And round like an O.

---

Good morning, Merry Sunshine,
  How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
  And shined away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night
  Before I ceased my playing,
How did you get way over there?
  And where have you been staying?

H. Salentine.

WE ARE READY.

sit forget ready

Rover, now sit very still.
Stay right there with Jack and Will.
Don't forget and bark, "Bow-wow."
Let me take your picture now.
All get ready. Look at me.
There, I have it of all three!

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PLEASE TAKE A BITE.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Helen | uncle | eyes | goes | home |
| car | bite | great | doesn't | |

Isn't this a pretty little girl?
And isn't this a cross old dog?
But the little girl doesn't think the dog is cross.
She isn't afraid of him.
She says, "Take a bite, Fido."
She calls him Fido, but she doesn't know his right name.
She has a little brown dog, Fido at home.
Her little Fido is never cross.
And she loves him so much that she doesn't think any dog is cross.
"Please take a bite," she says.
"Don't you want any nice sweet cake?
Don't be afraid, you good old dog.
I won't hurt you."
But the dog will not look at her.
"Please take just one bite," she says.

"Here it is, right here, Fido.
Oh, you are asleep, you poor old dog.
And I'll just eat this cake myself."

Would you like to know who this little girl is, and where she is going?
Her name is Helen Bell Brown, but she is never called Bell.
She has so many pet names that she isn't called Helen very often.
Her papa calls her "Kitten," and her grandpa calls her "Blue Eyes."
Her grandma calls her "Birdie."
Sometimes Mamma calls her Helen, and sometimes "Little Pet."
So you see that Helen Bell Brown has a great many names.

Helen's home is in the city.
But she often goes to the country.
Her uncle's home is in the country.

Helen often goes to visit her uncle.
She likes to ride on the cars.
She is going to the country with her papa this morning.
But where is her papa?
He has gone to get a paper.
Here come the cars, now!
And away will go Helen with her papa!

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| find | bread | came | myself | found | car |
| kind | read | name | herself | ground | far |
| mind | ready | same | yourself | around | star |

---

For sentence-making and finding of little words.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| goes | hat | cart | sit |
| city | myself | pat | lived |
| Don | doesn't | seem | eyes |
| upon | forget | Singer | many |

THIS IS MY PICTURE.

T. Adam.

## MUFFET'S OWN STORY.

[Told by Herself.]

herself beautiful own carry true
haven't wasn't quite story

How do you like my picture?
Blue Eyes says it's a good one.
They told me to look for a little bird, but I didn't see it.
Then they told me to look happy.
Now why did they tell me that?
Did they think that I looked cross?
Do you think I look cross? I'm not cross!
I am very happy now, but I wasn't always happy.
Once I had no home.
No one was kind to me then.
I shall never forget that time.
One day I was running away from a big black dog.
I'm sure he was going to bite me, but he didn't quite get me.

Just then a kind little girl ran to me, and made the dog go away.
It was dear Blue Eyes herself.
"Oh, you poor little beauty!" she said.
"Haven't you any home, Kitty?
I heard you cry. Are you hurt?
Don't cry any more, dear little pet.
That great dog shall not bite you.
I'll carry you to my own home."
And she did carry me, herself.
Her mother heard Blue Eyes call, and she came to the window.
"See this poor little kitten!
A cross old dog was going to bite her.
I hope she isn't hurt. May I keep her for my own?" said Blue Eyes.
"Hasn't she beautiful eyes, Mamma?"
Then she told her mother my story, just as I have told it to you.
I have lived here many days.
They are all so kind to me here.

I do hope that I shall never have to go away
from Blue Eyes.
She doesn't forget to feed me.
She gives me sweet milk to drink.
She lets me kiss her face, sometimes.
I'm always ready to play with her, but I
think she is asleep now.
This is my own story, and it is a true story, too.
There comes Blue Eyes, now — Good-bye!

---

## BLUE EYES.

[To be read to the children.]

Not many griefs has dear Blue Eyes;
Not many tears, not many sighs;
Her voice is gay, her smile is sunny,
Her little heart is full of honey.

Yet I have seen her sad because
Her own gray kitten, Velvet Paws,
Will grow and change. Just think of that!
Will change and grow, and be a cat!

A. Dieffenbach.

WAITING FOR HIS SHARE.

half laugh each

If I have nine and give you one,
I'll have to give these poor geese some.
If I have eight and give you two,
I'll then have just four more than you.
If I have seven and give you three,
Then only four are left for me.
If I have six and give you four,
You will have two and just two more.
Shall I give one? Shall I give two?
Oh dear! I don't know what to do!
If I give two, or three, or four,
Will you then ask me to give more?
Now, don't you cry. I'll make you laugh.
I mean to give you just one half.
If each take half, now let me see,
How many will there be for me?
One half is yours; one half is mine,
But how much is one half of nine?

A SHOWER IN THE PARLOR.

E. Blume.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| off | mud | other | shower |
| rain | umbrella | George | Edna |

"Oh, George, look out of the window!
Just see it rain! What can we do?
I just hate rain!" said Edna.
"Rain, rain, rain, please go away.
Come again some other day.
George and I do want to play!"
"I know what I can do," said George.
"I can take off my shoes, and get an old umbrella, and go out and walk in the mud."
"Oh, George, please don't do that!
I can't do that. Please stay in the house and play with me."
"Well, if I don't go out to play in the rain, I'm going to play that it rains in here.
We can play shower in the house.
That will be great fun!
I know it will make you laugh.

You get under this old umbrella.
Now sit very still!
Are you ready for the shower?
Now look out! The shower is coming, and
it's a pretty big shower, too!"
"Oh, stop the rain, George! I'm wet!
Oh, George, do stop! Just see my dress!
I hate this rain, too!
Oh, dear, what will mamma say!"

---

brook grow

"Pat-pat, pat-pat, pat," says the rain.
"I'll go away, but come again.
What would each little flower do?
Think of the duck and tree-toad, too.
What could the birds do for a drink?
The brook would never grow, I think.
So think of birds and brooks and flowers,
And then don't say you don't like showers."

mice

Some little mice once lived in a house where there was no cat.
They were very happy and had great fun.
But one day a cat came to live there, too, and then their fun was over.
If they only looked out, that old cat was sure to be after them!
They could think of no good way to get the cat out of the house.
One very little mouse said, "If we can't get her out, we can put a bell on her.
And then we shall know when she is coming."
"Good! Good!" said the other mice.
But one very old mouse said, "Who will put the bell on the cat?"
The mice looked at each other, but did not know what to say.
Just then the cat came in, and the mice all ran away.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ground | fell | almost |
| muddy | help | everywhere |

After the shower, Edna and George went into the garden.
The ground was very wet.
There was mud, mud, mud everywhere.
"Keep on the boards," said Edna.
"Don't fall off into this mud.
I almost fell off just now."
"I almost fell off, myself, Edna.
Take my hand and I'll help you."
Just then George fell off into the mud, and Edna fell over him.
"Oh dear!" said Edna. "See my new shoes! How muddy they are!
Oh, I hate mud!"
"I hate mud, too!" said George.
"We must play in the house now.

The ground is too muddy to play in the garden.
I'll carry you into the house."

---

EDNA'S DREAM.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| seed | queer | both |
| dream | night | caterpillar |

That night Edna had a very queer dream.
She was in the garden again.
George was with her, and they both fell into the mud.
She heard the birds laugh at them.
She looked at her muddy shoes, and said, "I just hate mud!"
Then she heard some one say, "Please don't say you hate mud."
Now who could be talking to her?
She could see no one.
Then she heard this: "Don't be afraid, little girl. I am only a little seed.

Seeds grow in this muddy ground.
We couldn't drink if the ground were never wet.
Seeds must eat and drink, or there will be no flowers.
You do not hate flowers, do you?"
Just then she saw a yellow caterpillar on the muddy ground.
She said, "Oh, I hate a caterpillar!"
But the caterpillar said, "How queer!
Do you hate a butterfly?
I shall soon be a beautiful butterfly."
In the morning she found that it was only a dream.
She had been asleep in her own bed, and had not been in the garden.
Wasn't this a very queer dream?
Is any of this queer dream true?

---

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| nice | car | car | Carl | far | we | be |
| mice | cart | Carl | Carlo | farm | wee | bee |

woods caught sorry

Once a cat and a fox were in the woods.
"I'm not afraid of dogs," said the fox.
"They can't catch me. I know a great many ways to get away. But how would you get away if a dog should run at you?"
"I know one way to get away," said the cat.
"Only one way to get away!" said the fox.
"Why, I know ten ways! I know ten times ten ways.
I'm sorry for you, and would tell you some of my ways, but you would tell others."
Just then some dogs came running at them.
The fox ran this way and that way, but the dogs caught him.
The cat ran up a tree, and the dogs could not get her.
"I see," said the cat, "that one good way is better than ten times ten poor ways."

Rock-a-bye Birdies
On the Tree Top.

Giacomelli.

learn swing watch smell
fly hard sky

Two birds live in my garden.
They sing there every day.
I watch them from my window,
And this they seem to say:

"Oh, the great sky looks so blue!
Don't you smell sweet blossoms, too?"

"I'm so happy I must sing.
Sing and swing, swing and sing."

"It's hard work to make a nest.
But each birdie does its best."

"Sweet! The cherries are so sweet!
How each baby bird will eat!"

"Little birds must learn to fly.
We must help them, you and I."

near try seemed small down yourself

How fast the birdies did grow!
Soon they were almost as large as the mother
bird herself.
Their little home seemed too small.
They almost fell out of it sometimes.
Both old birds fed them often.
It was hard work for the old birds.
Each birdie wanted to eat so much!
By and by father bird seemed to say,
"Birdies must learn to fly now.
Try both little wings, Singer.
That is the way to learn to fly.
You will never learn if you don't try. Learn
to help yourself.
Watch me, Singer. You won't fall.
See, it isn't hard to fly.
Fly down, then up, then down again.
Look up at the beautiful blue sky.

Try, little ones. Try, just try."
Oh, how the little birds did try!
And very soon they all could fly.
And at night they dream that they can fly
Up, up, up to the great blue sky.
Then each little bird had to learn to sing.
But that wasn't so hard.
The father bird would swing in the tree and
sing to them every day.
The little birds were very happy when they
could swing and sing, too.
They seemed to sing a story in song.
The story seemed to be about blue sky and
running brooks.
It made me happy to have them near me.

---

They lived one year in our garden,
From spring till fall, you see,
And swung and swung, and sung and sung,
In the top of the highest tree.

—Alice Cary.

same ropes gnawed paw

One day an old lion was asleep in the woods.
In the same woods some hungry little mice were looking for something to eat.
The mice ran this way and that way, and one mouse ran right over the old lion's paw.
And the old lion caught the poor little mouse.
"Oh, please let me go!" said the mouse.
"If you will let me go, I will do something for you sometime. Just see if I don't!"
This made the old lion laugh, but he let the poor little mouse go.
A long time after this, the old lion was caught in some ropes and could not get away.
He called and called for help, and the little mouse heard him and came to help him.
She gnawed and gnawed the ropes in two.
And then she said, "Now are you not glad that you were once kind to me?"

Jean fisherman net sea sail
sun fish

Jean lives with her grandpa by the great sea.

She looks out over the beautiful blue water every day.

Jean's grandpa is a fisherman, and Jean can catch fish, too.

She has a little net of her own.

Isn't it a nice little net?

Can you see a fish in it?

Emile Munier.

THE FISHERMAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Jean has just been out in the boat.
She calls the boat White Wings.
Can you guess why?
Its sails look like great white wings.
Jean likes to fish, and her grandpa often takes her with him.
He goes out to fish every night, and stays in the boat all night.
Jean can not go with him at night, but she can watch for White Wings to come back every morning.
One night she had a queer dream.
She saw the great red sun going down into the sea.
Then she saw White Wings sail right into the sun and go down with him.
How poor little Jean did cry!
She was sure she should never see her dear old grandpa again.
But in the morning she found that it was only a dream.

Then she looked out over the blue sea, and there was White Wings!

She was so happy that she wanted to laugh and cry, too.

Her grandpa had a good laugh when she told him about her dream.

But every night Jean says, "Good-bye, grandpa. Don't sail into the sun."

---

REVIEW PHRASES.

1. a large city
2. dressed herself
3. little calves
4. an old fisherman
5. can not forget
6. a little net
7. should not forget
8. dressed her doll

---

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| night | better | flower | six | flower |
| right | butter | flour | sixty | shower |

---

come com ing coming

WHAT BECAME OF SPECKLE BEAUTY?

hook Speckle summer

No fish in the little brook was more beautiful than Speckle Beauty.
He had lived in this pretty brook all summer, and seemed very happy.
But Speckle Beauty wasn't happy.
He said that the brook was too small.

One day his mother said, "Speckle, I want to show you a fish-hook.
You are such a pretty fish that I am afraid some boy will catch you.
I am sure I saw a boy looking at you to-day.
I am afraid you will be caught.
There is the fish-hook now!
Don't go near it, Speckle.
It will catch you, if you do."
"Oh, that old hook can't hurt me, mother," said Speckle Beauty.
"I am not afraid of any hook.
I can take a little bite and then swim away.
No boy can catch me.
I want to have a little fun.
Just watch me try it, mother."
"Don't! please don't!" said his mother.
"O Beauty! my poor Speckle Beauty!
Why didn't you do as I told you?"

---

Where is Speckle Beauty now?

Otto Erolman.

ON THE WATCH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| sick | doctor | nearly |
| friend | Dr. | Carl |

Dr. Summers owns these two big dogs.
Their names are Don and Watch.
They are great friends, and they are both good watch dogs.
They often go with the doctor when he visits the sick.

They think they help the doctor.
Do you think they help him much?
Nearly every day the doctor goes to see little Carl Brooks.
Poor Carl has been sick all summer, but he is nearly well now.
While Carl was sick, Don and Watch went to see him nearly every day.
They seem to know just when the doctor is going to visit Carl.
The doctor is nearly ready to visit Carl now. Watch seems to say, "Come, come, we don't like to wait."
When the doctor comes, he will say,
"Well, well, here are my friends!
Shall we go to see Carl now?
He will be very glad to see us."

---

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| nose | down | cluck | rain | saw | sick |
| rose | brown | clock | grain | paw | tick |

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WHY CAN'T THEY BE FRIENDS?

Spot wonder scratch thought

Just see how cross mother is!
She doesn't want Spot to visit me.
I wonder why she doesn't want him here.
Spot is one of my best friends, and I don't want mother to hurt him.
I want Spot and mother to be friends, too.
I wonder why I never told mother how kind Spot has been to me.
She would not want to scratch him if I had only told her.
One day a cross dog was running at me, and I thought he would get me.
Spot saw him and barked and barked.
Then that cross old dog ran after Spot, and I ran up a tree.
Do you wonder that Spot and I are friends?
I know that we shall always be friends.
I do hope mother won't scratch Spot.
Why can't we all be friends!

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

What did Jamie find in the barn?
Had Black Beauty a kind master?
What was Muffet's story?
Who said, "Put a bell on the cat"?
Who had a queer dream?
Tell about Gyp and his napkin.
What little fish thought the brook was too small?
What did the fox say to the cat?
What little girl had a fish net?
Who thought he should not be told to get the old cow?
How did the mouse help the lion?
Did the fox go in to visit with the lion?

---

| | |
|---|---|
| I swing. | I am swinging. |
| Birds sing. | Birds are singing. |
| Calves walk. | Calves are walking. |
| George learns. | George is learning. |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| snow | warm | pole | thing | far | star |
| shine | room | fur | north | asked | |

It was a very, very cold day.
The trees were all white with snow.
There was snow everywhere.
"What shall we do to-day?" said Ted.
"I wish we could play in the snow."
Just then Uncle Jack came into the room.
"Do you think it is as cold as this at the north pole?" asked George.
"As cold as this!" said Uncle Jack.
"If you were near the north pole, you would call this a warm day."
"My, how cold it must be there!" said Ted. "Please tell us all about it."
"I can't tell you all about it, but I will tell you some things about the far North," said Uncle Jack.
"I can tell you many queer things about it.

The sun doesn't shine there for half a year, but the stars shine night and day.

Just think of having it seem like night for half a year!

The queer little houses are made of snow, and have but one room.

The children are very small, and so are their fathers and mothers.

They dress all in fur, and have fur shoes, and sleep in fur beds.

Every baby rides on its mother's back in a little fur bed.

They have no horses, but the dogs draw them over the snow."

"Uncle Jack, how many times have you ever been to the north pole?" said Ted.

"Oh, I have never been there," said Uncle Jack. "No one has been there.

I have read all about it in books.

Many try to find the north pole, but no one has found it yet."

"Do you think what you read about it is all true?" said Ted.

"Wouldn't it be better to go and see?"

"Why don't you play you are going to the north pole now?" said Uncle Jack.

J. Kleinmichel.

GOING TO THE NORTH POLE.

Here you see the children on their way to the north pole.

"Good-bye!" said Uncle Jack. "If you find the north pole, let me know!"

IN THE WARM SUN.

L. Royer

shining pink nose swinging world
Daisy rose singing walking

It was a warm summer morning.
The sun was shining in the blue sky.
The birds were singing and swinging in the trees.
The flowers could not sing, but they were swinging, too.
All the world seemed to thank the sun for his morning kiss.
Daisy and her mamma were walking in the garden.
"Oh, mamma," said Daisy, "isn't it beautiful out here in the warm sunshine?
I can almost see the flowers grow!
How sweet these beautiful roses smell!"
"Yes, Daisy, it is all very, very beautiful," said her mamma.
"But think of the sick ones who can not come out into the garden.

You must take some of our beautiful flowers to them.

When you are sick, Daisy, Dr. North nearly always brings you something nice.

Now he is sick, and you must take him some of these flowers."

"I will take him some of these beautiful roses," said Daisy.

"He likes roses better than any other flower, and he likes pink roses the best of all.

He told me so once, so I must be sure to take him some pink roses.

I hope he is not very sick and that he will soon be well again.

It is not very far to his home, mamma; may I take them to him now?"

"Yes, Daisy, and I will wait for you right here where I can smell these sweet roses."

"Oh, mamma! what do you think Dr. North said to me?

I know you will laugh when I tell you.
He said, 'Oh Daisy, I have only one nose to smell a rose!
I am like the little girl in the story:
"I like so much the smell of roses,
Roses pink or roses red!
I almost wish for many noses,
Just to smell them well," she said.'
Then he wanted to know if I should like to have many noses to smell the roses.
Now wasn't that a queer thing for a doctor to say, mamma?
Dr. North is such a funny man!"

---

For sentence-making:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| sick | roses | net | mice |
| pink | woods | seed | fur |
| asked | umbrella | nose | Dr. |
| calves | fisherman | hook | fell |
| dream | caterpillar | shine | true |
| muddy | everywhere | laugh | room |

BUTTERFLIES.

Kate Perugini.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| place | bees | low | blow |
| breezes | toes | rest | high |

Here I go to the trees so high!
  Here I come to the ground so low!
The bees and birds and flowers and I
  Just love to swing when the breezes blow.

Swing, little birds, in the trees so high.
  Swing, brown bees, on a big red rose.
Swing, pretty rose, and so will I.
  Butterfly dear, come sit on my toes.

You are as pretty as you can be,
  And I wish you would always stay right here.
What fun we'll have if you stay with me!
  Come and swing with me, butterfly dear!

Dear little butterfly comes and goes,
  And I let him do what he likes the best.
He swings and swings upon my toes,
  And then he sits on a rose to rest.

The dear little birdie sings and sings,
  But he does not look me in the face.
The big red rose it swings and swings,
  But it always swings in the very same place.

I'll let them do what they want to do,
  I'll let them swing where they like it best.
My swing may be too small for two,
  But I like it better than all the rest.

Here I go to the trees so high!
  Here I come to the ground so low!
The bees and birds and flowers and I
  Just love to swing when the breezes blow.

---

MEMORY GEM.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| mill | ripe | plant |
| grain | wheat | flour |

A little red hen found a grain of wheat, and she said, "Who will plant this wheat?"

The rat said, "I won't"; and the cat said, "I won't"; and the pig said, "I won't." "I will, then," said the little red hen; and she did.

When the wheat was ripe, the little red hen said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?" The rat said, "I won't"; and the cat said, "I won't"; and the pig said, "I won't." "I will, then," said the little red hen; and she did.

When she came home with the flour, the little red hen said, "Who will make this flour into bread?" The rat said, "I won't"; and the cat said, "I won't"; and the pig said, "I won't." "I will, then," said the little red hen; and she did.

Sonderland.

HAS IT BEEN A MINUTE, MAMMA?

The bread was very good, and the little red hen said, "Now, who will eat this bread?" The rat said, "I will"; and the cat said, "I will"; and the pig said, "I will." The little red hen said, "No, you won't; for I am going to eat it myself"; and she did.

---

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| tick | hour | sixty | before |
| clock | seconds | mind | playing |

Little May was never quite ready to mind her mamma.

When her mamma called her, she nearly always said, "In a minute."

And I do not like to tell you so, but very many times it was half an hour before she was ready to stop playing.

One day her mamma said, "How I do wish my little girl would come at once, when I call her!"

Then she said, "Come here, May, I want to talk with you about the clock.

You often ask mamma to wait a minute, but you do not seem to know just how long a minute is.

Do you hear the clock say 'tick, tick, tick'?

Every tick means one second. Sixty ticks mean one minute, and sixty minutes make one hour.

If you count ten six times, a minute is gone. Let us count now."

Little May soon found that it did not take very long to count ten six times.

"Is that a minute, mamma?" she said.

"Why! what a little minute!"

"Yes," said mamma, "that is a minute.

All minutes are very little minutes.

But my little girl should not ask her mamma to wait even a little minute."

"Mamma, I shall never ask you to wait a minute again," said May.

And now when her mamma calls her, May runs as fast as she can run.

It's sometimes large, it's sometimes small.
It has two hands, no feet at all.
It always runs, yet can not walk.
You must be still to hear it talk.
It has a face as well as you.
It has no eyes, that is quite true.
It stands so still, yet goes all day.
It never, never runs away.
What is it?

---

[To be memorized.]

The whole day long it sang "tick, tock!"
But it can change its tune, this clock.
"You're good! You're good!" it seems to say,
When I have been quite good all day.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
When lips have learned to pout?
How it should know I'm bad is queer;
I wish I could find out.

And yet when all the house is still,
A voice the whole room seems to fill.
"You're bad! You're bad!" I hear it say;
Who told it I was bad to-day?

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WEE CUDDLE.

peep wee around lost
Cuddle Clucker

Isn't this a pretty little yellow chicken?
Her name is Cuddle, and her mother's name is Mrs. Clucker. Daisy likes to hold dear little Cuddle in her hand.
But poor Mrs. Clucker does not know where her dear little Cuddle is.
She thinks that poor little Cuddle is lost.
Poor Mrs. Clucker! She looked far and near, but she could not find her baby.
Then she told all of her friends that Cuddle was lost; and asked them all to help her find her.
"Cuddle lost!" said Kitty. "Well, I'll just count my kittens! What if one of them is lost, too!"
"What! What! What! Yellow Cuddle lost!" said Mrs. Duck. "I must find my little ducks.

One of my little ones may be lost, too!"

The cows called their little calves, and the horse looked around for her little colt.

Each mother said, "Now, mind your mother! Don't go far away, or you will get lost, too."

Mrs. Clucker looked all around the place again, but Cuddle was not to be found, high or low.

Where in the world is wee Cuddle?

As she was walking around, she heard, "Peep! Peep!" It seemed to come from a place near by. She looked all around on the ground, and found a wee little mouse, too small to run away.

She soon heard another "peep," but this time it came from a little brown bird.

She saw the little bird hop. "That looks queer," said Mrs. Clucker. "Cuddle walks much better than that. Oh, my own wee, wee Cuddle! Wee, yellow Cuddle! Who will care for you now!"

Just then she saw three children, Alice, Daisy, and Ted.

"Do you want your baby, Mrs. Clucker?" asked Alice. "Here she is in Daisy's hand. Mamma told us to bring her back to you. We gave her many nice things to eat."

"O my baby! My own dear Cuddle!" said Mrs. Clucker. "Now I have found you. Come cuddle under mother's wing. No baby is so beautiful as my wee, yellow Cuddle!"

---

## WHERE TO CUDDLE.

[To be memorized.]

"Where do the little chickens run
When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark, into the shade,
Under their mother's downy wing,
No longer afraid of anything."

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| hill | hair | golden | wind | top |
| woman | wise | change | together | stopped |

Two very beautiful little girls once lived near a great hill.
One of these little girls had long yellow hair, and the other had beautiful blue eyes.
Little Golden Hair and Blue Eyes loved each other and were playing together always.
They were both so good and kind that they wished to make every one happy.
But they did not know just what to do to make every one happy.
On the very top of the high hill there lived a queer little old woman.
She was very cross, but very, very wise.
Some said that she could change little boys and girls into birds or bees or flowers. And very many little boys and girls were afraid to go near her.

One day Golden Hair said, "Blue Eyes, let us go to the top of the hill and ask the old woman how to make every one happy. She is very wise and can tell us what to do."

"Oh, yes," said Blue Eyes, "she can tell us."

It was a warm day, and a long walk to the top of the hill.

The little girls often stopped to rest under the big trees.

They could find no flowers, but they stopped to feed the fish in the brook and to talk to the birds and the squirrels in the trees.

They went on and on; the sun went down; the birds stopped singing; and the squirrels went to bed.

The trees were asleep, and the wind found a place to rest.

Oh, how still and cold it seemed! but the little girls went on to the top of the hill.

They found the old woman in her queer little house.

The little girls were afraid of her, but dear little Golden Hair said, "We know that you are very wise. Will you tell us how to make every one happy?"

"But please let us stay together always," said Blue Eyes.

The queer little old woman said, "You shall have your wish. Come into my house."

---

became goldenrod purple aster side

The little girls were never seen again, but the next morning yellow goldenrod and purple asters were growing all over the hill.

Some say that these two flowers could tell us, if they only would, just what became of the two little girls.

When you see these two beautiful flowers growing side by side, think how many have been made happy by them.

And do not forget the story of Golden Hair and Blue Eyes.

## MEMORY GEMS.

[To be read to the children.]

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
This is the way
To be happy and gay.

---

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
  Of happiness below.
But little acts of kindness,
  Which any one may show.

---

Kind hearts are the gardens,
  Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
  Kind deeds are the fruits.

---

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

---

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

**A CAT CONCERT.**

**Tell the story which the picture tells you.**

## THE ALPHABET

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | a | 𝒜 | 𝒶 | N | n | 𝒩 | 𝓃 |
| B | b | ℬ | 𝒷 | O | o | 𝒪 | ℴ |
| C | c | 𝒞 | 𝒸 | P | p | 𝒫 | 𝓅 |
| D | d | 𝒟 | 𝒹 | Q | q | 𝒬 | 𝓆 |
| E | e | ℰ | ℯ | R | r | ℛ | 𝓇 |
| F | f | ℱ | 𝒻 | S | s | 𝒮 | 𝓈 |
| G | g | 𝒢 | ℊ | T | t | 𝒯 | 𝓉 |
| H | h | ℋ | 𝒽 | U | u | 𝒰 | 𝓊 |
| I | i | ℐ | 𝒾 | V | v | 𝒱 | 𝓋 |
| J | j | 𝒥 | 𝒿 | W | w | 𝒲 | 𝓌 |
| K | k | 𝒦 | 𝓀 | X | x | 𝒳 | 𝓍 |
| L | l | ℒ | 𝓁 | Y | y | 𝒴 | 𝓎 |
| M | m | ℳ | 𝓂 | Z | z | 𝒵 | 𝓏 |

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. He is still *learning to read.* Until
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